The Motto thus : *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

The ſixt Knight.

King. And what's the ſixt and laſt, the which the Knight h
ſelfe with ſuch a gracefull courteſie delivered ?

Thai. He ſeemes to be a ſtranger : but his Preſent is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top ;
The Motto, *In hac ſpe vivo.*

King. A pretty morrall ; from the dejected ſtate wherein h
is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better than his outward ſhew
any way ſpeake in his juſt commend : For by his ruſty out-
he appeares to have practiſed more the Whipſtocke, than
Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an hon
triumph ſtrangely furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Vntill this day, to ſcowre it in the duſt.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes us ſcan
The outward habite, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great ſhoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to ſay you'r welcome, were ſuperfluous.
I place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes ;
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe :
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are Princes and my gueſts.

Thai. But you my Knight and gueſt,
To whom this wreathe of victory I give,
And crowne you King of this dayes happineſſe.

Per. Tis more by fortune (Lady) than by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that envies it :

In framing an Artiſt, Art h
To make ſome good, but o
And you her laboured ſcho
For (daughter) ſo you are,
Martiall the reſt, as they de

Knights. We are honour

King. Your preſence gla
For who hates honour, ha

Marſh. Sir, yonder is y

Per. Some other is mo

1. *Knight.* Contend not
That neither in our hearts,
Envie the great, nor doe th
You are right courteous

King. Sit, ſit, ſit.
By *Iove* (I wonder) that i
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he n

Thai. By *Iuno* (that is Q
All Viands that I eate doe
Wiſhing him my meate :

King. Hee's but a countr
Than other Knights have d
Or ſo : let it paſſe.

Thai. To me he ſeemes I

Per. Yon King's to me,
Which tels me in that glor
And Princes ſat like ſtars
And he the Sunne, for ther
None that beheld him, but
Did vaile their Crownes t
Where now his ſunne like
The which hath fire in dark
Whereby I ſee that time's
For hee's their Parents, an
And gives them what he

King. What, are you me

Knights. Who can be ot

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